





FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1886.

## THE BANKERS' ASSOCIATION.

The Closing Day's Session.

## The Suspension of Silver Coinage Favored.

## A National Bankruptcy Bill Ad- vocated.

## POLITICAL.

Lincoln County Republicans.

DAMASCUS, Aug. 12. The Republican County convention met to-day with 76 delegates present. Judge Orton McFadden, of Duxbury, is President. The convention nominated Sebastian S. Marsh of Walpole, for Senator; John E. Kelley, of Boothbay, for Sheriff; John W. Perkins, of Noblboro, and Albert B. Perkins, of Alton, for County Commissioners; Howard E. Hall of Newcastle, Reg- ister of Probate; James H. Varney, of Bristol, Register of Deeds; O. D. Castner, of Walpole, County Attorney; John Smith of Wiscasset, Treasurer. This is Mr. McFadden's third nomination for the Senate by unanimous vote.

Senator Hale and Congressman Dingley addressed a large meeting this afternoon. Senator Hale's speech.

Adams, Aug. 12. The Democratic county convention met to-day. A. M. today. The committee on credentials reported 71 delegates present. S. S. Brown of Waterville was chosen chairman, and C. P. Morton of Augusta, secretary.

The following non-natives were made: Senators, William J. Abbot, Clinton, Charles F. Tracy, Gardner; Sheriff, Henry Penman, Windham; Register of Deeds, A. A. Crowell, Oakland; County Attorney, R. W. Black, Augusta; Treasurer, Charles E. Durbin, Clinton; County Commissioners, Eli Davis, Waterville; Albert N. Douglas, Chelsea. The Bangor platform was endorsed.

PENOBSCOT County Democratic Convention.

DOVER, Aug. 12. The Democrats of Penobscot County in mass convention to-day nominated the following candidates for County officers: Senator, Henry Douglass; Sheriff, A. T. Wade, Saugerville; Attorney, Henry Hudson; Sheriff: Register of Deeds, Walter H. Blyden, Dover; Commissioners, J. L. Smart; Mho. J. Mather, Parkman; Sheriff, O. W. Trask, Amherst; Treasurer, Edwin Dow, Dover.

FROM PORTLAND.

Brakeback Knob by the Case.

PORTLAND, Aug. 12. A brakeback fell from a train on the Grand Trunk Railroad at South Paris, yesterday, receiving inju- riation which killed him.

FROM LAWTON.

Suicide by Drowning.

LEWISTON, Aug. 12. Zephine Ware, aged 21, committed suicide by drowning in the river last evening. Cause unknown.

A LUCKY LAND FISHERMAN.

Arrives Home with the Biggest Catch on Record.

ELLSWORTH, Aug. 12. The special despatch to the Boston Journal from Portland of the 10th inst., giving an account of a meeting on board the schooner Henry S. Wiggin of Lamoine, on the Grand Banks, and the stranding of the vessel on Cape Race, is wholly false so far as the Wood- ton is concerned. She has not been to the Grand Banks, but caught her fare in泉州, and has arrived at the port of safety, bringing 5000 pounds, said to be the largest load of codfish ever brought into the United States.

FROM B. CHARBOR.

The Tennis Matches and Other Gossip.

BAG HARBOR, Aug. 12. Yacht Corsair, C. Peirce Morgan, New York, arrived to-day.

There was a ball at the Casino to-night, at a hall of the Grand Central.

It was hot this morning, but a breeze came up at noon. Large numbers attended the matches in the tennis tournament at Messey Hall to-day. There was much enthusiasm. The singles are about half played. The men left at Charlie Berry, George Robbins of New York, Mr. Patten of New York, Mr. P. J. Hobart, of Washington, Mr. Hay of New York. The double matches begin to-morrow morning. The remaining singles will be played Saturday. The best playing was between Hobart and Berry. The matches between Robbins and Lewis of Philadelphia, and Hobart and Robbins of New York, expected to be the best. The prize cup must be won at three annual tournaments before the winner can hold it.

TWO VESSELS SUNK.

Five Persons Drowned from a Sloop.

BOSTON, Aug. 12. During a squall this morning a brig laden with a large quantity of coal, from the coast and near Green Island, off Boston, sank and four men on board are supposed to have been drowned. The name of the schooner is at present to doubt but it is thought to be the schooner "Lion" of New Bedford. Mr. W. M. Farnum, of the American Yacht Club, reported to the Boston Yacht Club. The schooner had been towed to a wharf at Deer's Island where she now lies, partly under water.

About the same time the schooner Frolle, a small vessel, sank near Deer Island and the crew were lost.

The only thing recovered from the latter was a coat containing letters directed to a certain address at Boston Highfields. The details of the disaster are not known but a special agent has been despatched to the scene of the accident and additional facts are expected before to-morrow.

A Father and Two Sons Perish.

The disaster to the schooner Frolle proves to be the first of the year. There were two persons on board, a man and a boy, and one child. He is often seen on trips with Mr. Haynes, Jr., whom he always considers his best friend.

Mr. Henderson was 18 years of age, lived with his father and was an intimate friend of Haynes' son. He was a well known music teacher, of Duxbury, forty-seven years old, and leaves a widow and three children. He was considered a good man.

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### The Groaning Ghost

Some five-and-thirty years ago, when I was a young boy, my father's business experienced a sudden and severe check. We were many in family and the expense of education were heavy. It was necessary to retrench. My father's place of business was a horse and carriage house. He had to keep horses, if on yo to take myself and my father to and from the city. The most important article in our scheme of retrenchment were our horses and carriage. For a time we had to give up the place of business. My brother and myself were commissioned to find a suitable house.

We drew on and we were still unsuccessful.

We passed from house agent to house agent; we inserted advertisements, we answered advertisements. But no purchase was made. We were compelled to go about to prowl about the streets and squares, hoping to light upon a likely habitation. We had given notice to quit our own house and matters were getting pressing. It would be a poor habitation if so large a family as ours found it all homes. But late one Saturday evening we were investigating a quarter, which we had not thoroughly penetrated, when we came upon a house, which was in a dilapidated condition, but which was in a fair exterior. The house stood at the corner of a quiet, sober-looking, very old-fashioned square. Being the evening hour, it was dark and the house was quiet. We had gained some experience by this time, and we saw at a glance that the place was almost certain to suit us.

A bill in one of the numerous windows announced that the house to be let was opposite next door. We applied. The door was opened by a tidy, gray-haired elderly woman.

"Can we look over the house next door?" we said. "The woman's face for a moment, but she answered curtly,

"Certainly, sir. But it is rather dark, now."

"It is, sir, and I. We may come to the place, but I have to go to see you. Can you tell us the particulars?" The woman enumerated the rooms and the various parts of the mansion. All were in a suitable condition.

"And the rent?" I inquired, having myself for a disappointment. She named so low a figure that I uttered an involuntary exclamation.

"Yes, sir. We've had it on our hands for some time," she explained, "and we have off easy terms to a good tenant."

"And when can we look over it?" I asked.

"No, sir. But we have the name of the owner. My husband would show it over to you."

"He is always away all day, and until very late it might be."

"He is a house agent."

"He is, sir. He's employed behind the scenes at one of the theatres. He is a master carpenter." We thanked him, made an appointment for Sunday morning, and he had us admitted. As we turned out of the square, I said,

"Did you notice how odd that woman looked when I spoke to her? What did that look mean?"

"I do not know my brother, who was an overseer fellow."

"I suppose she thought we were too great swells for the neighborhood, said I, laughing.

"What do you like the looks of the place?"

"Quite respectable and old-fashioned."

We announced our success at home, to the great relief of everybody. Next morning we kept our appointment and were received by the master himself. He was a sturdy, good-looking man, in his early sixties, and we were favorably impressed with him. He took us over the house, and answered our inquiries freely and fully. Everything was satisfactory. I was delighted. But the master was of a cautious temperament, kept on asking questions until I got fully angry.

First he got on to the matter of drains, and I had been reduced to silence on this his last question, and remained on the quiet of damp. "An inch of rain," he said.

"You don't ask a very high rent. How's that?"

"Very, and the landlord deliberately, and I am his cap in his hand, when this neighborhood is out of fashion now. It isn't what it once was. We've had this house vacated for some time, and we're not likely to let it. You can see there's nothing wrong about it. If it were in the West End, I could pay as often as seven times the rent." His explanation seemed perfectly straightforward, and certainly the house bore the closest scrutiny.

I was about to burst the longest speech I had ever uttered, when the master

"No, thank heaven, I said. "We've got a house at last. In—sue que."

"Square is the—the—which number have you got?"

"Number 45, said he. He threw his head up and burst into a fit of laughter.

The ice men laughed too. I looked from one to the other, and explained.

"I am, sir, and the landlord deliberately, and I am his cap in his hand, when this neighborhood is out of fashion now. It isn't what it once was. We've had this house vacated for some time, and we're not likely to let it. You can see there's nothing wrong about it. If it were in the West End, I could pay as often as seven times the rent." His explanation seemed perfectly straightforward, and certainly the house bore the closest scrutiny.

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"Square is the—the—which number have you got?"

"Number 45, said he. He threw his head up and burst into a fit of laughter.

The ice men laughed too. I looked from one to the other, and explained.

"I am, sir, and the landlord deliberately, and I am his cap in his hand, when this neighborhood is out of fashion now. It isn't what it once was. We've had this house vacated for some time, and we're not likely to let it. You can see there's nothing wrong about it. If it were in the West End, I could pay as often as seven times the rent." His explanation seemed perfectly straightforward, and certainly the house bore the closest scrutiny.

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